POOR ROBIN's

JESTS:

OR,

The Compleat JESTER.

BEING

A Collection of ſeveral Jeſts not heretofore publiſhed.

Now newly compoſed and written in a new Method, both in Proſe and Verſe,

By *Poor Robin*,

Knight of the burnt Iſland, and well-willer to the Mathematicks.

Together with the true and lively Effigies of the ſaid Author.

The Second Part.

LONDON:

Printed for *Francis Kirkman*; and are to be ſold by moſt Book-ſellers.

To the READER.

Gentlemen!

HEre is more work for you for these Winter-nights, to read and laugh: but do not laugh before you read them; for then you mar all, by making people think they have more worth then you finde in them. I know no reason why these Jests may not relish as well as a Pipe of Tobacco: yet do not take Tobacco when you read them; for then you spoil one thing for another. Above all things, let me advise you not to read them in an Alehouse; for mine Host will curse, and swear that these Jests hinder drinking, and therefore wish that the Author had been hang'd; for which I wish him no other Curse, then to wear a Bulls feather on his head, but that I fear I

wiſh it too late. If after the reading them you ſwear by Yea and Nay *that they are very good, you will make my Worſhip to ſmile thereat: if you ſay otherwiſe, yet we will not fall out, to have a ſuit of Law ariſe thereupon: for of all perſons whatſoever, I deſire not the Lawyers ſhould finger any of my money.*

If there be any truth in predictions, as the Aſtrologers ſay there is, Venus *being in the Horoſcope, and well poſited in the Cuſp of* Gemini, *ſays theſe Jeſts will live: for though moſt people do cry out upon Aſtrologie, that it is a lying Art, yet their poſition may be falſe, ſince every Maxime is not true which is ſo received, ſeeing a Taylor may wear* Vulcan's *Creſt, contrary to that Maxime,* That he muſt be a man that is a Cuckold.

I was in the minde once to have made a Dedication to this Book, if I could have found a Patron ſutable to it: but I conſider'd with my ſelf, that if I ſhould

ſhould dedicate theſe Jeſts to a wiſe man, they were too lowe for him; if to a Fool, they were too high for him: if to a rich man, he would pretend he had no leaſure to read them; if to a poor man, he had no money to reward the Author. So that knowing not how to pleaſe any one, but by diſpleaſing my ſelf, I thought I might as good let it alone.

All that I ſhall requeſt of the Reader, is, not to light his ſtinking Tobacco with my Book; rather let it march to the Grocers or Cooks, to binde up Raiſins, or be put under Chriſtmaſs-Pies, & then I am certain there will be a ſweet Concluſion of it: with which requeſt I ſhall conclude my Epiſtle, reſting

Very much at eaſe,
when in my bed.

P. R.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Gentlemen!

I Am informed that ſome-body (I know not who) doth intend (I know not when) to ſet forth a Book (of I know not what) under the name and title of *Poor Robin*, like a Jade with a Ribband in his foretop to make him ſell the better: therefore leſt I ſhould ſtill be abuſed by every idle ſcribling *Clark*, and be forced to take up the old Citie-cuſtom, to father a Childe of another mans begetting, I intend (when the Bantling comes abroad) to ſteep my Pen in *Vineger* and *Gall*, and give the Author ſuch a *Broad-ſide*, that never was *Tidbury*-Bull ſo baited as he ſhall be. And let him ſay I have done fairly, and like a Gentleman, to give him warning thereof beforehand.

John

Taylor the Water-Poet, to his friend the Author.

Friend, thou haſt wak'd me from my ſleep,
Wherein I lay full three-foot-deep;
Hearing the noiſe o'th' women balling
At the Exchange, on thy book calling;
That if I am not a miſtaker,
'Twas heard to th' middle of Long Aker;
And that with truth I may not dally,
Neer Globe-Tavern in Phœnix-Ally,
Where formerly I kept an Ale-houſe,
And entertain'd honeſt good fellows;
And once thou know'ſt it was thy lot too
For to drink there with me a Pot too,
And ſmoke a Pipe or two of Fogo,
Which gave to our diſcourſe a Hogo.
Rebellion then thou knowſt was Rampant;
(For Loyalty, the Rogues did ſtamp on't)
We could not ſpeak our mindes with freedom,
They plagu'd us ſo, the devil ſpeed 'um:
Both Cromwel, Bradſhaw, *and their fellows,*
I wiſht them hang'd under the Gallows.
Now for the love that then I bore thee,
Thou ſeeſt that I am come before thee,
With Pen in one hand, th' other Paper,
In rambling Verſe to cut a Caper,
Of this thy Book in commendation,
Which ſhall be famous through the Nation:

For

For why, I ufay, This thy brains birth
Hath quite put down my Wit and Mir
It exceeds Scoggin, Archee, Tarlto
As doth true Princeſs Madam Carlto
Nor is my laſt opinion worſt;
This Second part exceeds the Firſt.
Who ſpeaks againſt it, is a Kayler;
Witneſs my hand, Honeſt

John Taylor.

Martin Parker, in Commendation of this Book.

WHen I did live (the time's not yet forgot)
Of War or Plundering, we then knew not;
The Drum & Trumpet were to us meer ſtrangers;
From Venus, *more then* Mars, *we feared dangers:*
Our happie times produc'd no ſuch diſaſters,
Servants to rule, and murther their own Maſters:
We ſafely ſat and tipled down our Liquor,
Making both brains & pens to run the quicker:
We ſpent our times in telling merry Tales
Of France, Spain, England, Italy & Wales.
And now I hope the time's again revived,
And that good harmleſs mirth will be long lived,
Such as thy Book contains, which hath in it
(If I may judge) the quinteſſence of Wit.
Who it diſpraiſes, is a Curriſh Barker,
And ſhall be counted ſo by

Martin Parker.

POOR

POOR ROBIN'S JESTS: OR, The Compleat Jester.

The Second Part.

The Country-man that brake his neck.

A Country-man being lopping of a tree, fell down and brake his neck; his Wife thereupon ran crying to her neighbors, telling them that her Husband had broke his neck in lopping of a tree; but (said she) since it is no better, it is well it is no worse, *for he might have cut himself with the Hatchet.*

This was a wife was wondrous kind indeed,
Would not endure to see her husband bleed;
Of this her act a man may judge the same,
She'd rather see him dead, then see him slain.

A right Cockney.

A Citizen riding with his wife to ſee the Country, they chanc'd to come by a place where a Gardiner had hung up ſome Moles, or Wants, upon the twigs of a tree; which ſhe ſpying, Good Lord Husband, ſaid ſhe, what brave living it is in the Country, over it is in the City, where we have no ſuch brave things growing as theſe! for look yonder husband *is a black-pudding tree.*

Some Cockneys are ſo dull they do not know
If Corn on trees or on the ground doth grow;
Such we may judge this Cits wife for to be,
that took hang'd Moles for a black-pudding tree

The fellow and the Miller.

A Fellow going by a Wind-mill, where the Miller was looking out at a hole, he called to him, and asked him what they called that thing he was in? The Miller told him it was a Mill: O cry you mercy, ſaid the Fellow, *truly I took it for a Jaile, becauſe I ſaw a Thief look out of it.*

The man for's judgment might be praiſed ſtill,
He not miſtook the Man, although the Mill;
For why the proverb is as true as brief,
Small difference is betwixt Miller and Thief.

An

An ignorant Conſtable.

TWo Gentlemen who lived at *Stepney*, going homewards over *Moor-fields* about eleven a clock at night, were ſtaid by an impertinent Conſtable with many frivolous queſtions, more behalf to ſhew his office then his wit; one whereof was, *If they were not afraid to go home at that time of the night?* They replying, No: Well, ſaid he, I ſhall let you paſs at this time: but if you ſhould be knockt on the head before you get home, you cannot but report *that there was a good Watch kept in Moor-fields.*

This Conſtable was ſure a man of note,
And well might have become Jack Adams *Coat.*
At ſuch wiſe Officers who can but laugh,
That ſcarce have ſo much wit as has their ſtaff.

A light Wench.

A Wench whoſe honeſty was juſtly had in ſuſpition, going to ſtep into a Boat, fell into the water; ſome people on the bank beholding it, called to the Watermen to help her, or ſhe would be drowned; to whom one of the watermen replyed, *They need not fear ſhe would be drowned, for ſhe*

was so light, she could never sink.

This Water-man (a man may lay his life)
Was himself troubled with a light-heel'd wife;
Which made him be of such a crabbed mind,
To think all Women of the self-same kind.

On a Cross.

TWo Gentlemen walking in the street (during the late time of Rebellion) they saw the sign of the *Golden Cross:* one of them profer'd to lay a wager with the other, That he would make the Master of the Shop to pull down his sign: The wager being laid, he pulls off his Hatt, and drops half a dozen legs to the sign; first on one side, and then on the other; which the Master of the Shop seeing, thinking to prevent his future Superstition, suddenly pulled down his sign, whereby the Gentleman won his wager.

When as blind zeal, joyn'd with rebellious power,
All Crosses did as Popery devour;
A man durst scarce a Sack on's Horse cross lay,
Lest it as Popish, might be took away.

The

Another.

ANother Sailer being mounted on a tired Horſe, he cried out, *That he was becalmed.*

The proverb ſays, he that to Rome *will go,*
Muſt do the ſame as People at Rome *do;*
All Sailers then by this may underſtand,
To ſhun Sea-phraſes when they are on Land.

The Felon with his wedge of Gold.

A Felon in Travelling was money-leſs and hungry, wherefore to ſupply his belly, he ſet his wit on work: coming by a Knights houſe about dinner-time, he knocks at the Gate and enquires for the Steward, who coming to him, he asks him if his Maſter would buy a wedge of Gold of a foot and half long? The Steward imagining he had ſuch a one about him to ſell, invites him in, and tells his Maſter of it; the Knight hearing of ſuch a prize, bids his Steward to make much of him and feaſt him of the beſt: after dinner the Knight ſent for him into his Parlour, and asked him if he would ſpeak with him? Yes, ſaid the Fellow, I came to know if you would buy a wedge of Gold of a foot and half long?

the

the Knight told him, Yes, he cared not if he did: Then ſaid the Fellow, Now that I know your mind, *If I find one of that length, I will bring it unto you.*

A Knight and's Steward to be thus out-witted!
The Fellow with a ſly Jeſt them well fitted;
They thought by a meals meat much for to ſave,
But Proverb ſays, All covet, nothing have.

The Committee-man and his Son.

A Committee-man that lived at *Saffron-Walden* in *Eſſex*, had a Son a very ſhallow-pated paper-skull'd Fellow, who commonly followed him where-ever he went: a Gentleman of the Town obſerving it, ſaid, This Committee-man takes as much ſtate upon him as if he were a Noble-man, *for he never goes abroad without his fool at his heels.*

A Rump-Committee, and a Fool to's Son!
Surely the Father was not ſuch a one;
Could they themſelves from mens juſt cenſures ſave:
But they might ſay, There goes both Fool and Kn——.

The wise Alderman.

IN the same Town, during the times of Rebellion, several Aldermen were put out of their places, as being too loyal for those times; amongst others that were chosen into their rooms, one was a Malster of the Town, an illiterate fellow, who being to set his hand to a Writing of some concern amongst them, told them that he could not write, and therein he should become a President to them all; but he hoped he long to learn to read, *for his wife had taught him most part of the Horn-book already.*

This was an Instrument fit to advance
The Rebels interest by his ignorance;
For he with others could cry up the Cause,
Cry down the King, and Fundamental Laws.

A Conjuring Tale.

AT such time when Perriwigs were as scarce as Money is now amongst poor men, a Gentleman who had lost his hair by a fit of Sickness, was forced with the first to make use of one of them; It happened that he and his Boy that tended on him, riding into the Country, there fell such a showre of rain, which continued so

long, as neceſ[illegible] take up thei
lodging at a pa[illegible] oute in a Country
Village, where fee[illegible]e weather to prove
ſo bad, he was reſolved to lie for that night
after ſome ſhort Commons, which went by
the name of a Supper, the Gentleman wa
conducted to his lodging-Chamber, which
was hung with Cobwebs inſtead of cloth o
Arras; his Boy alſo was ſhewn to another
Chamber, ſomething inferior you may be
ſure to that of his Maſters, which was alſo
richly hanged with Spiders tapiſtry: Whilſt
the Gentleman was making himſelf un-
ready, the Maid peeked in at a hole under
the door (which was made for the Cat to go
out and in) that when he was a bed, ſhe
might fetch away the Candle. Having un-
dreſt himſelf, he pulls off his Perriwig, and
ſets it upon a ſtoole by him; which the
Maid perceiving, verily imagined that he
had pulled off his head; and ſo conceited
ſhe was of it, that ſhe ran down to her
Dame, telling her, that the Gentleman
who lodged there, was no other then an
arrant Conjurer, for ſhe ſaw him with her
own eyes, to pull off his head and ſet it up-
on the ſtoole by him; and if ſhe doubted
any thing of the truth thereof, if ſhe would
go up ſhe might ſee it ſtanding there at that
preſent.

resent. Her [illegible] something a Nullifidian of what [illegible], yet to satisfie her maids curiosity, [illegible], where peeking likewise in at the hole, and seeing it upon the stoole, she was then of the same opinion with her maid; and so fearful they were both thereof, that neither of them durst fetch the Candle, but the Gentleman was forced to put it out himself. That night was spent in a great deal of fear, they judging that bad Weather to proceed from the Conjurer, and expecting yet worse: but when in the morning they saw all fair, and a serene sky, they changed their opinion, and that though he was a Conjurer, yet that now he would do no more harm: Whilst they were new entered into this good opinion of him, one of her neighbors came in, who had lost a Horse, whom he judged to be stole, for which he made a great complaint: Hold your peace, said she, I can tell you a way which I warrant you will fetch your Horse again: we have a Conjurer that is now lodged in our house, who for half a dozen of Beer, I question not but will do your business; and herewithal she went up to the Gentleman, acquainting him with her Neighbors loss, and desiring his assistance for the gaining

him agen; for (said she) I know you have skill in the *black Art*; my Maid and I seeing your head last night upon the stoole, when as the rest of your body was gone to bed. The Gentleman perceiving her folly in her grand mistake, and willing to have some mirth after his wet journey, told her, That for her sake he would do his best endeavour for her Neighbor; and that when he was ready, he would raise a *spirit* which should quickly tell him where the Horse was. The Woman over-joyed at these words, ran down and told her Neighbor that he should have his Horse agen within an hour, and that if he would stay so long, he should see him come galloping to him agen in a full carreer: This news pleased the fellow so well, that he resolved to stay. In the mean time the Gentleman was consulting with himself how to bring his purpose the best way to effect; in order thereto, he told his Boy that he must act the part of a Devil; and to personate him the better. Whilst I am gone down (said he) to speak with them about the business, do you turn your Coat the wrong-side outwards, and creep under the bed, where you must lie till I speak these words, *Elhavareuna, Phonsonthonchya, Heydonicus Towronus Dungeon Keptoribus*

ptoribus; then do you come [illegible] under the bed, and make as hideous a noise with your mouth as you can possible. The boy promised to do as he bad him: and when his Master was gone down, he went about his business; but remembring with himself, that in the Chamber where he lodged there lay a raw Bulls-hide left there by some Butcher, thought that would personate the Devil far better than his Coat; and therefore he suddenly fetched it, and wrapped himself therein, with the Horns appearing just over his head; which having done, he crope under the bed, expecting the event: Soon after he was fixt, came up his Master, the Dame, the Maid, and the Fellow that had lost his Horse; when the Gentleman having a chalk-stone in his hand, marked them every one out a Circle; then placing them therein, he bid them not to stir out of them whatsoever they saw: so pulling a Book out of his pocket, he began to read some hard uncouth names, and at last came to those words, *Elhavareuna, &c.* when the Boy made his appearance from under the bed, with a great pair of Horns and a bellowing noise: His Master, who knew not of his Boys new invention for acting the Devil, seeing such a hideous

thing to appear, thought it had been the Devil indeed, who had come to have punished him for undertaking to Conjure, and thereupon he ran as fast as he could drive, making but one step from the top of the stairs to the bottom: the Woman and the Man seeing the Gentleman to run, thought likewise the Devil was come to fetch them for being spectators, and thereupon ran as fast as he, tumbling down the stairs one upon the neck of another: the Boy seeing them all to run in such disorder, thought also that the Devil was indeed come for him for acting his part, and therefore he began to throw off his Coverture; but he had before so fastened it unto him, that seeing he could not pull it off, he ran with it on; when coming to the top of the stairs, the Hide so wrapped about his legs, as threw him from the top to the bottom amongst them, when they hearing the Horns to make a clattering, so shrieked and bellowed as if the Devil had been amongst them indeed. Sad was the effects of this their Conjuring; one had his Nose broke, another his Shin, some hurt their Elbows, some their Thighs, and other their Backs; the Gentleman lost his Perriwig, the Women fell with their heels upwards; and to conclude, not

any

ny one of them ſped ſo well, but he had more occaſion for a Surgeon then a Conſurer.

This was a merry Devil plaid this prank,
Although his Maſter gave him little thank:
Well may we judge the times muſt needs be evil,
When as that Boys begin to play the Devil.

The Citizen and his Son.

A Grave Citizen and his prodigal Son riding into the Country, the old man went with his Cloak notwithſtanding it was a fair morning, but the young Gallant rid without either Cloak or Coat, in his open ſleeves and half-ſhirt; when they had ridden about ten miles, being far from any houſe, it fell on raining ſo faſt, that the young gallant look'd like a drencht mouſe, wiſhing he had brought his Cloak along with him: Son, ſaid the old-man, have I not often told you of this, *That you ſhould alwayes in fair weather provide afore-hand for a rainy-day?*

The Proverb ſays, (if thou doſt Proverbs weigh)
'Tis good to ſave againſt a rainy day;

This Gentleman now by experience knew,
Though proverbs ſlighted are, they oft prove
true.

The Father and his unhappy Son.

A Boy asked his Father, if that might be true which one man ſaid? His Father anſwered, No; for one man might be miſtaken: Then asked he him, if that might not be true which two or three reported? His Father ſaid, No: for two or three might be miſtaken as well as one: but ſaid his Son, Is not that true which all men ſay? his Father told him Yes, that muſt needs be true: Then ſaid the boy, *Father, you are a Cuckold; for all that ever I yet heard ſpeak do ſay ſo.*

What one man doth report a lie may be,
And ſo it may being told by two or three;
But what is voic'd abroad by general
fame,
There is few men but will believe the ſame.

The Country-Fellow and the Judge.

A Country-Fellow was Sub-pœna'd for a Witneſs upon a Tryal of an Action of Defamation, at a Quarter-Seſſions holden in the Country; he being ſworn, the Judge bid him to ſay the very ſame words that he heard

heard ſpoken; the Fellow was loath to ſpeak, and hum'd and haw'd for a good ſpace; but being urged by the Judge, he at laſt ſpake, *My Lord, ſaid he, you are a Rogue:* The Judge ſeeing the people begin to laugh, called to him, and bid him to ſpeak to the Jewry, *for there was twelve of them.*

The Fellow ſaid the truth, though he miſplac'd it,
For which my Lord, with other perſons grac'd it;
Thus oft-times taunts to one another go,
As doth a Ball that's toſſed to and fro.

The Barbers Boy and Butcher.

A Barbers boy paſſing through the Shambles, fell to ſnapping his fingers, ſaying, they were all Cuckolds that could not do ſo: a Butcher hearing him, went to try to ſnap his fingers, but being greazy they would not do; wherefore he went and waſh'd them, and then came out ſnapping of them as the boy had done; to whom the boy ſaid, *O Gaffer, 'tis too late now, you ſhould have done ſo before.*

This was an arch young wag, whose wits were mellow,
To prove the Butcher a Horn-pated fellow:
If all can snap their fingers miss that fate,
Few Barbers would drink in Bulls-feathers-Plate.

The Case is altered, quoth Ployden, *how that Proverb first came up.*

MR. *Ployden*, the famous Lawyer, living in the Country, kept a great many Hogs, which lay very much in one of his Neighbors grounds, and did him a great deal of hurt; the man being thus perplexed with them, drove them into his yard, and went to Mr. *Ployden*, telling him that one of his Neighbors Hogs had done him a great deal of hurt, and that now he had them in his yard, desiring his advice what he had best to do with them: Marry, said Mr. *Ployden*, put them in the Pound, and make him pay soundly for the harms before he have them again. I shall do as you bid me, said the fellow, for to tell you the truth, they are your own Hogs. Nay then, said Mr. *Ployden*, *The Case is altered*; you must first go to your neighbor and give him warning, and if he then will not keep them out

but of your Grounds, you may found them if you please.

Thus to our selves we partial Judges be,
And faults in others, not our selves can see;
Our enemies, we would have them be halter'd,
But when we judge our selves, The Case is alter'd.

The Captain and Souldier.

AT the siege *of Hereford*, during the late Wars, a Captain in the town, upon an assault of the enemy, forced one of the common Souldiers upon the Wall, in a place where the enemy shot against with their great Ordnance, who no sooner was there, but a Cannon-bullet struck him on the head, and made his brains to flye about, some whereof lighted on the Captains shoulders, in which pickle he goes to the Governour of the Town, telling him what he had done. The Governour instead of commending him for it, pitying the poor mans hard fate, told him, he thought *he had more brains on his shoulders, then he had in his head.*

Thus

Thus some do prompt themselves in doing ill,
And pleasure take anothers blood to spill;
But yet, O man, boast not of cruelty,
A plaint of guiltless hurt doth pierce the sky.

The Captains Man.

A Finical Captain kept a man to wait on him; which man being one day in company, pulled off his Hat, and began his Masters health. Some of the company bid him put his Hat on again, telling him his Master was a Souldier; a Souldier! said the Fellow, he is a Liar that saies it, *My Master is no Souldier, he is a Captain.*

Many such Captains we of late did see,
Who were no Souldiers, nor would ever be;
They made a gallant show, and who but they?
Yet nothing knew, but how to take their pay.

The Gentleman and his man.

A Gentleman was dispraising his mans features, that he had thick shoulders, broad hands, and hook'd legs; but especially that he had a most clownish foot. Sir (said the fellow) I have not such a clownish foot, *but a pair of your Worships shooes will fit me exactly.*

The

The Maſter here you ſee the Man doth blame,
For that which he was guilty of the ſame;
If ſhooes ſo fitted both, it is ſuſpicion
They were like to each other in condition.

Much Manners.

ONe hearing a Ladies Servants to call her Madam at every word; he thought to be more mannerly then they, and therefore put to it the Addition of Miſtris, ſaying, *Miſtris Madam, if it pleaſe your Ladyſhip.*

This was a man whoſe manners did exceed,
He would be certain for to do the deed;
For why, he knew it was as true as may be,
She was a Gentlewoman if a Lady.

A Hand made of a Finger.

A Fellow by chopping with a Hatchet, chanced to cut off one of his Fingers; afterwards telling it to a friend, how by a miſchance he had made a hand of one of his fingers: the other replied, Nay, *I think rather you have marr'd a hand then made one by that loſs.*

This Fellow nothing loſt I underſtand,
If of a finger he could make a hand;

But

ger,
Ere he to's Hand could make another finger.

Of lying like a Dog.

A Gentleman was talking with another man's Wife, before her Husband, who being jealous that she spake no good of him, said, Pray Sir believe her not, for she will lie like a dog. Marry, quoth the Gentleman, I would give a groat to see that trick, *for a Dog will lie with his nose in his tayle.*

This fellow sure led an unquiet life,
He should thus to a Dog liken his wife;
But she must break her neck sure without faile,
Should she like Dogs so lie with Nose in Tayle.

The Country-fellow of the Souldiers.

A Country-fellow passing by St. *Pauls*, at such time as the Souldiers had made an unsanctified Guard of it; he seeing so many Lobsters therein, asked a Shop-keeper thereby, if that great place were *Noah*'s Ark? the Shop-keeper asking him the reason why he thought so? because

(said

said he) I see so many unclean Beasts therein.

When as Rebellion trode Religion down,
And factious Zeale did trample on the Crown;
Gods House was made of Theeves a very den,
By irreligious Schismatizing men.

A single Bond in verse.

KNow all men by these presents, That I *Thomas Brent*,
A Tanner of *Dover*, in the County of *Kent*;
Do stand firmly bounden to *John Pepergoo*,
Of the same Town and County, and likewise Trade too,
In the sum of ten pounds of good *English* Coyne,
To be paid to the said *John*, his Heir or Assigne:
In witness whereof my Seal I do fix,
In the Month of *April*, the day twenty six;
The year of our Lord, Sixteen hundred sixty seven,
The year of the Kings Reign, eight and eleven.

The

The Condition.

THE Condition of this Obligation is such,
That if the above-bounden, *Tom Brent*, do keep tutch
With *John Pepergoo*, his Heirs or Assigne,
To pay him five pounds of good lawful Coyne,
At or upon the fourteenth day of *May*,
In the dwelling-house of my Neighbour *John Clay*;
Then this Obligation to be void at that tide,
Or else in full power and force to abide.
Sealed and delivered in
The presence of *George* and *James Lynn*.

A Receipt in verse.

REceived this sixteenth of *June* of *John Grounds*,
Of good lawful Money, the sum of four pounds;
In full of all Debts, which are hither-to due,
With all other Accompts which may thereby accrew:

And

d that the ſaid *John Grounds* may not be deceived,
write with my Pen again once more Received

By me *Hugh Pimpernel.*

Mr. Durant *and the Lady of* Paris.

A Lady of *Paris* who was ſuſpected of inchaſtity, was ſpeaking before a Reverend Divine of the *French* Reformed Church, That the Scripture was very hard to be underſtood. Why (ſaid the Divine) what can be more plain, then, *Thou ſhalt not commit Adultery?*

This Ladies great Objection was but vain,
The Doctor ſhew'd her where the Text was plain;
But thoſe wh' are loath to leave their foul abuſes,
Will for their Crimes have evermore excuſes.

Tom Scots *Statue.*

DUring the time of the *Rump-Parliament*, ſeveral *Phanaticks* went about to Petition to their *Rogue-ſhips*, that *Tom Scot* for his extraordinary great ſervice in the Cauſe of the Common-wealth, might have

have a ſtatue of braſs erected for him; but coming to one (whom they thought better affected to their Cauſe then he was) to have his hand to their Petition; he told them that he thought a ſtatue of braſs would not be ſo convenient, there being ſuch a great ſcarcity of Money at that time; but a wooden Gibbet would be far cheaper, and (as he thought) *would become him better.*

This fellow ſure had a diſcerning wit,
He did Scots *deſtiny ſo rightly hit;*
Too much for him a Statue made of braſs,
A Gibbet and a Rope more fitter was.

A little wife the leaſt evil.

A Luſty tall fellow had married a very little low woman to his wife: being asked the reaſon why he would marry with ſuch a dwarfe; He replied, *That of evils it was always beſt to chuſe the leaſt.*

Women do with ſo many faults abound,
'Tis ſaid but few good of their Sex is found;
That if they were as little as they're good,
A Peaſcod-ſhell would make them Gown and hood.

Of chuſing of Wives.

ONe ſaid, That chuſing of wives was like to drawing in the Lottery, where for one prize a man ſhould meet with twenty blanks. Sir *Thomas Moor* was wont to ſay, To the plucking by caſualty Eels out of a bag, wherein for every Eele are twenty Snakes.

There are more flints then diamonds by far,
And more bad wives then good ones ſure there are;
If good ones be ſo ſcarce, great luck hath he,
That gets one good (if any ſuch there be.)

The Condemned Priſoner.

A Fellow condemned to die, when he was going to be had out of the Priſon to the Gallows, it fell on raining ſo heavily as if a ſecond deludge would have enſued. He ſeeing the Officers ſtanding ſtill expecting when it would hold up that they might have him away, told them, they might go home again if they pleaſed, *for he was not in ſuch haſt, but that he could ſtay till another time.*

This fellow was not ſentenced to die
You may be certain for his honeſty;

Though hanging he did know ſhould be his lot,
He would have one Jeſt ere he went to pot.

The Unthrift and his Sweet-heart.

A Fellow that was a great ſpend-thrift, told his Sweet-heart that he loved her like *any thing*. What *thing* do you mean, ſaid ſhe? *Any thing* Sweet-heart, quoth he, what you pleaſe. Then (replied ſhe) do not love me like Money? *for then I am certain you will not keep me.*

This was a ſharp rebuke unto the Lover,
Whoſe great unthriftineſs it ſeems did move her;
Women moſt cunning, crafty, ſubtile be,
And can as deep as men in Milſtones ſee.

The vapouring Fellow.

A Fellow boaſted that he had a Suit and Cloak, the cloth whereof was worth thirty ſhillings a yard; a beaver-hat worth three pounds, a pair of ſilk-ſtockins, ſpaniſh-leather-ſhooes, Flanders-lac'd-band, Holland-ſhirt, and ſeveral other things anſwerable to them. One hearing him to brag thus, asked him where they were? for he never ſaw him wear any ſuch? No (ſaid he) not

nor I fear never shall, *for I have them all in my head, but I am afraid they will never come upon my back.*

This fellow in his fancy did divine,
He was in Cloaths extraordinary fine;
But that (pies on't) which all the mischief bred,
They were not on his back, but in his head.

Of a Church-porch.

TWo Fellows going by a Church which had a Porch new built to it; one of them said, This Church hath a pretty Porch built before it. Nay (said the other) that I am sure is not true, *for the Church was built hundreds of years before the Porch.*

This fellow would have puzzl'd been to find
A Church, which had the Porch to it behind;
For if the Porch be not the Church before,
How do men thereby enter at the Door?

The submiss Cardinal.

A Cardinal of *Rome* was so submiss, that he would eat his meat upon a Net, as it were in a way of devout humility. Afterwards he was chosen to be *Pope*; whereupon he commanded them to take away the Net, saying, *That he had caught that which he fished for.*

This Pope fish'd fair, to catch a tripple Crown,
Who would not thus to rise at first fall down?
This is the way to get a-loft the nigheſt,
For Balls hardeſt caſt down, do mount the higheſt.

A new trick to know the Father of a Child.

A Wench was gotten with Child in a Knights service, and brought to bed of a goodly Boy, before it was publickly known in the house: After her uprising, being examined before a Justice of the Peace to know who was the Father of the Child, she said, she could not tell well her self; for there was two of the Knights Servants that had to do with her about the same

same time, whereof one was a *Welch-man*, the other an *English-man*; one of them she said was the Father, but which of the two she was not certain. This doubtful case put the Justice in a great quandary upon which of them to lay the charge of bringing up the Child; but the Clerk said, he would soon decide the Controversie whose the Child was; and thereupon went into the Kitchin and toasted a bit of Cheese, and then brought it and offered it the Child, putting it to his mouth, which made the Child to cry, refusing it as much as it could. Whereupon the Clerk said, Upon my life the *Welchman* is not the Father of it, for if he were, *he would have eaten toasted Cheese at two hours old.*

This was a trick, which most mens thoughts beguil'd,
To find out the true Father of the Child:
If men should once attain to such an art,
Some wives would wish them hang'd with all their heart.

No wit like a Womans.

A Carpenter had married a very handsome woman to his wife, but that she wearing Cork-shooes, it made her light-

heel'd. This Carpenter uſed to work about a mile from home; but for the love that he bore to his wife, he would every night come back to bed with her, although as it ſeem'd ſhe had rather to have had his room then his company; for no ſooner was he gone, but his place was ſupplied by another whom ſhe loved more dearly, his next neighbor, who by trade was a Grocer. It happened one morning, that the Carpenter went forth as he was accuſtomed; but before his place was cold, another was gotten therein: he had not gone a quarter of a mile, but there fell ſuch a ſtorm of rain, with likelihood of continuance, that he returned back again; and drawing the Latch, went into the Houſe: which the Grocer hearing, crope out of the bed underneath it as faſt as he could. It being not yet day, the Carpenter pull'd off his Cloaths and went to bed; where he had not lain above a quarter of an hour, but that it ceaſt raining; and the ſky appearing very clear, gave great hopes of a fair day: which the Goodwife perceiving, fearing her Lover would catch cold, by being without his cloaths underneath the bed, ſhe jogged her husband, telling him the ſky was now very clear, and therefore deſired him to riſe to go to work.

The

The Carpenter, who was very obſervant to his wife, did accordingly; but it being ſo dark that he could not ſee, he miſtook, and put on the Grocers Breeches inſtead of his own: and ſo going his journey, when he came to his work, putting his hand in his pocket to pull out his Compaſſes, he found there a handful of Money, at which he much marvelled, knowing not how it ſhould come there; only he thought it was no bad luck to have his pockets ſo lined; yet was he in a quandary whether he was awake or in a dream, he being ſeldom maſter of ſuch a purchaſe. Putting his hand in his other pocket, he found there a bunch of Keyes, a Note-Book, and ſome other Papers; which encreaſed his wonder more then before: but looking down towards his legs, he ſaw the Breeches were all full of Ribbands, whereas his own had never a one of them. Not knowing what to think thereof, he reſolved to go home again and confer with his wife. In the mean time the Grocer miſſed his breeches, and telling the Goodwife thereof, they knew not what to do, only ſhe thought it was his beſt way not to ſtay, judging her husband had gotten them on, which might occaſion his ſudden return: and indeed her ſuſpicion herein proved true; for no ſooner

was the Grocer gone, but the Husband returned home, where he found his wife weeping and wayling, and taking-on most bitterly: he asking her the reason thereof; *O* (said she) *the Grocer at the next door yesternight brought a pair of Breeches hither for me to mend for him, and I being willing to earn a penny, and not alwayes to rely upon your gettings, took the busineß upon me, since which time, I know not how, some-body hath come in and stollen them away; but if I knew the Cuckoldly Rogue that had them, I would have him hanged if it were possible.* Then casting her eyes fully upon him, *O lack Husband*, said she, *I see you have gotten them on; truly I was afraid they had been lost, but hereafter I will have more care of such things as long as I live.* The Husband hereupon pulled them off, and gave them to his wife; but withal told her, *That he had rather allow her two-pence out of his dayes wages, then that she should earn a penny in such sort.*

The Proverb says (and Proverbs often hit)
There's nothing like unto a womans wit;
They can lead men by th' Nose even where they will,
Be arrant Whores, and yet seem honest still.

The

The young Scold.

A Young-man and a Maid being newly married, the Mother of the Bride told her, That ſhe muſt uſe her Husband at firſt according as ſhe made account to have him afterwards; the next day ſhe going to ſee her Daughter again, found her a ſcolding at her Husband: her Mother chiding her for it; why? ſaid ſhe, Did not you bid me to uſe him at firſt as he ſhould find me afterwards? and I am ſure he is like to have enough of this alwayes, *Therefore I thought it was beſt to uſe him to it at firſt, that he might bear it afterwards with the more patience.*

Some womens tongues are ſo much given to walk,
They in their ſleep can ſcarce refrain from talk:
This woman was reſolv'd alwayes to ſcold,
And ſo began as ſhe did mean to hold.

A new Modell'd Common-wealth.

WHen one of the late *Regicides* had written a Book to have the Common-wealth of *England* modell'd like to that of *Iſrael*, and had ſpoken ſomething in the Houſe to that purpoſe; one made Anſwer,

swer, That the *Israelitish*-government might now do very well, *for the People were become almost all* Jews.

Though men did then the name of Christians use,
Too many in their practice were meer Jews:
To cheat and couzen they had the right art;
God in their mouths, the Devil in their heart.

The Power of Money.

CAptain *Talbot*, being Governour of *Calice*, in the time of King *Henry* the Eighth; the King sent to him to erect a new Work at the Water-gate, and to see the Town well Fortified; to which the bold Captain returned answer, *That he could neither Fortifie nor yet Fiftifie without Money.*

Money doth make the Mare to Go, the Pot
To boyle, it makes the old woman to trot;
The Lawyer for to prate, the Souldier fight,
Money doth compass all things by its might.

The

The Wolfes Conſcience.

A Wolfe being ſick, went to his Ghoſtly Father, who for his penance impoſed on him that he ſhould eat no more meat in two dayes, then he thought in his Conſcience was worth three-half-pence: Away went the Wolfe diſcontented; but ſhortly after meeting an Ewe and a Lamb (his greedy ſtomach now calling for food) ſeeing ſo fair a prey, and not knowing ſuddenly how to perform his Penance, and yet ſatisfie his hunger; Stay (ſaid he) no more but what in my Conſcience I value at one peny half-peny? why then (quoth he) in my Conſcience I value the Ewe at a peny, and the Lamb at a half-peny; and ſo eat them both.

Thus when the Law doth in our own hands lie,
We to our ſelves uſe partiality;
We over our own faults can eaſily leap,
Sell dear to others, and our ſelves buy cheap.

Concerning Cuckolds.

ONe was ſaying, That he thought in his Conſcience ſuch a Neighbor of his was

was a Cuckold: to whom his wife said, Husband, why do you say so? *You are such another man!*

Some men at others fortunes will gape out,
Although the same come to themselves about;
When he with forked fortune jeers his Brother,
His Wife him tells, that he is such another.

The Country-mans fear.

UPon the death of *Oliver Cromwel*, the news thereof being bruited abroad in the Country, a Country-man very seriously said, *Truly, Sirs, it is to be feared, that after the death of this* Protector, *there will be some other man take upon him to be* Protector, *which may occasion a strange* Resurrection *to be amongst the people about it.*

Your Country-men most of them in this point,
In their discourse knock words quite out of joynt:
Let them then cease of State-affairs to prattle,
And mind their Ploughing, and to tend their Cattle.

Of Colonel Morley.

COlonel *Morley* being made Leiutenant of the Tower a little before General *Monck*

...ocks coming to *London* out of *Scotland*; one was telling it to his friend, That the *Tower was committed to Colonel* Morley. Marry (said he) and that is far better for him, then for him to *be committed to the Tower.*

I think there's none but will conclude with me,
Imprisonment is worse then Liberty;
Few to a Prison so much love do bear,
But would rather Masters be, then Prisoners there.

On Rats gnawing of Hose.

ONe told his friend, that the Rats had gnawn his Hose, asking him very seriously what he thought it signified? Marry (said he) it signifies that your Hose is gnawn; but it is not so strange a thing that the Rats should gnaw your Hose, as it would have been *if your Hose had eat up the Rats.*

Some men, if that a Hare but cross their way,
They think bad luck attends them all that day;
This man I judge was like to one of those,
For 'twas bad luck the Rats to eat his Hose.

A Tale

A Tale of a pair of Boots.

A Young Gentleman, living not far from *Newmarket*, was a Suiter to a fair Lady dwelling at *Colchester*, in the County of *Essex*; now this young Gallant having never before travelled five miles from his Fathers house, imagined the same the Citizens wife did, who having never in her life-time been out of *London*, would needs perswade her Husband, That though she had twenty miles to ride, and it was a rainy day, yet they two might ride safe and dry all the way under the Penthouses. So this spruce Blade, thinking all the World was Heath-ground, though it was in the depth of Winter, and his man perswaded him to put on his Winter-boots, he would not go thither in any but a pair of thin Calves-leather *Essex* Boots, alleadging this reason for it, That he knew his Mistress would love him the better, when she see he came to court her in a pair of her Gountry Boots. Whereupon he sets forward on his journey; but he had not gone above half his way, before he took such an excessive cold in his feet, that he was forced to alight at a poor blind Ale-house, at a place called *Black-Chappel*, within three miles of *Dunmow*,

now, where he had no sooner got a fire made, and his Boots (which hung about his legs like Chitterlings) with much a-do pulled off, but he fell into a violent Ague, so that he was immediately compelled to take his bed, where he remained many days. This Alehouse-keeper where he lay, did keep in his house a young water-Spaniel, which he had newly taught to fetch and carry; this wanton unlucky Whelp, seeking about the house in the midst of the night for some bones to eat, lights upon the Gentlemans Boots, which he no sooner meets with, but being desirous to put in practice what his Master had so lately taught him, he takes first one Boot, and afterwards another, and carries them into the Entry, where finding them wet and soft, falls to tearing them, and in short time pulled and gnawed them into many pieces. Now it chanced that in the morning early, before it was light, the old-mans wife (who also dressed Tripes for to get a living) was called up by a Butcher, who brought her some In-wards of a Beast for the same purpose; which she had no sooner received, but returning back through the Entry, she unhappily stumbled upon the Gentlemans mangled Boots, so as letting fall what she had in her hands upon

upon them, groping in the dark, she took up all together, and carrying them into the Kitchin, (without lighting a candle) first cut, and then washed and dressed them altogether; and having afterwards well boyled the Boots amongst the rest in a kettle, which over-night she had set over the fire for the same purpose, she cast them into her scowring-tub, where for a while we will leave them, and tell you what became of our sick Gentleman. Within few dayes after, he began to recover, and waxed very hungry, was calling his Landlord to know what meat he had in the house. Truly Sir (quoth he) we have nothing but a dish of Tripes of my wives own dressing, which if you please to have, they shall be made ready immediately. Well, they are accepted of, and brought to the Gentleman, who sitting up in his bed, did feed heartily, till such time as taking up a piece of thin, long, lean Tripe (as he supposed) and finding a string jagged about the edge of one side of it, he called up his Landlady, and desired to know what part of the Beast that was? The poor woman searching it, and distrusting what it was, but not dreaming how it should come there, without speaking one word, runs down stairs into the Kitchin, where she

was

was no sooner come to search for the Gentlemans Boots, but she finds the puppy-dog tearing of the vampings, which he had tely transform'd into slippers. In the mean ime the Gentleman would not be satisfied, ut calls for her again to answer his qu-sti-n; who as soon as she was come to him, he gain demands of her, what part of the in-de of the Beast that was he held in his and? The poor woman, though fearful nd trembling, yet wittily replied, That she elieved it to be rather a part of the out-de, then the inside of the Beast, meaning he Hide; and begging pardon for her care-esness, and the Dogs wantonness, desired is Worship to forgive them both, telling im plainly, That that piece he shewed her, was a piece of his Worships boots; and that he threads, that looked like a purle or dging upon the Tripe, was nothing but the aggs of the Shoomakers ends which hung bout it. The Gentleman at this accident ne while laughing, and another while fret-ing, caused the Old-man to ride away peedily to *Chelmsford*, for a strong pair of waxed Boots; but what with his delay, (by reason of his sickness, and afterwards or want of Boots) to visit his Mistris, whom he promised to have seen a week be-

fore) she imputing his long stay, rather to a neglect and slighting of her, then his present misfortune, immediately contracted her self to another, who had formerly been a Servant to her, and at his coming discarded him; by which means he lost his Mistris, his labour, his boots, and had like to have lost his life too, had he not happily recovered.

This Gallant was by Fortune foully croſt,
For want of waxed Boots his Love he loſt;
Therefore young men when you intend to wed,
Be ſure that you of waxed Boots be ſped.

Of Predictions of Weather.

ONe said after a great rain, that he knew we should have abundance of wet, the Cocks did crow so much: To whom another replied, *That it was no marvel Cocks should crow; but if Fishes had so done, it had been wonderful indeed.*

To see Sun shine by day, and Moon by night,
Are things so common, they do none affright;
But should they from their course quite different change,
Sun shine by night, and Moon by day, 'twere strange.

A notable

A notable Rogue.

A Fellow that for ſome miſdemeanors which he had committed, was whipt at the Carts arſe, he held back with all the ſtrength he had. A Gentleman pittying his condition, bid him bear forwarder, that he might be the ſooner out of his pain. *Sir* (ſaid he) *it is my turn now to be whipt, and I will go as I liſt; and when it comes to be your turn, do you go as you pleaſe.*

This Rogue as ſure as Egs had had his breeding
Where other Rogues their lodging have and feeding:
Men let alone, they ſay do live the longer,
And Rogues wink't at, in Roguery grow the ſtronger.

The Water-man and the Rumpers.

TWo Members of the *Rump-Parliament* being upon the *Thames* with a pair of Oars; one of them ſaid, You Watermen are meer Hypocrites, *you Row one way and look another.* Marry, replied one of the Watermen, we have not plyed ſo long at *Weſtminſter*-ſtairs for nothing, but have learned ſomething of our Maſters that ſit there,

to pretend one thing, and act another.

Thus Water-men (or else this Tale doth lie)
Did of the Rump learn some Hypocrisie;
For men will do as did their first begetters,
And Water-men learn something of their betters.

The two Wenches that could do every thing, *and* nothing.

A Carrier brought up two Wenches to *London*, which were bespoke by the Landlady at the Inn where he lay. When they made their appearance in the house, the Hostess asked the first of them, What she could do? Who told her that she could do *every thing*: Then asked she the other, What she could do? She replied, *Nothing*: Nothing? said the Hostess, Why came you up to *London* then? I intended (quoth the Wench) for to have done *something*, but my *Partner here before me hath promised to do* every thing, *and hath left me* nothing *to do.*

The first Maids Tongue at random much did wag,
Thus ore her fellow for to boast and brag;
But oft-times when it comes unto the test,
Those who the most do brag, perform the least.

The

The Husband and Wife.

A Fellow called his wife Whore: Aye, ſaid ſhe, you'l never leave your Jealouſie; *But*——. *But* what, quoth he? Your fellow horned-beaſts, ſaid ſhe, *for if I am a Whore, you have Horns to But as well as they.*

Such words muſt needs a Woman anger ſore,
To have a Husband for to call her Whore;
Who'll blame this Woman then, that in this ſort,
She gave her Husband ſuch a ſhrewd retort?

Of Bones being at reſt.

A Fellow after dinner was kicking the Bones about the houſe: to whom one ſaid, What do you mean to do ſo? *Now the belly is full, the bones would be at reſt.*

When men have eaten, and their bellies full,
The Bones love eaſe, the Spirits do grow dull;
Therefore I think that Proverb them well fits
That gormandize, Fat paunches have lean wits.

Of putting down Christmas.

WHen the *Rump-Parliament* had voted down the keeping of *Christmas*; A Fellow said, it was high time for them so to do, *since most of their printed Acts began to be put under Christmas Pies.*

When the Rump saw the women do such facts,
Under their Christmas Pies to put their Acts;
They Christmas voted down, and thus they say,
The effects will cease, the cause being took away.

The Comique Poets Answer.

WHen one accused a Comical Poet, that he brought a lewd debauched Ruffian on the Stage, and so gave bad example to young men: *True* (said he) *I brought such a man on, but I hanged him before he went off, and so I gave them a good example.*

To see men thrive, and gallant it in sin,
May for a while mens fancies to it win;
But when they see vice punished severely,
They think men for their pleasures pay full dearly.

Of

WHen the *Scotch Covenant* (that *ignis fatuus* of Religion) was by the Long Parliament ordered to be taken throughout the whole Kingdom; a Preacher of the Cauſe, to perſwade his Pariſhioners the more forceably to take it, in his Sermon told them this ſtory. About twelve years agoe (ſaid he) there was a great Lottery at *Colcheſter*, which was twelve pence apiece for every Lot that was drawn: amongſt others that went to it was a Cobler and an Oyſter-woman; the Cobler preſſing in firſt, had a Lot delivered him, but when he viewed it, he found fault with it, that there was a flaw or chink in it, ſomething amiſs, and therefore he would not have it: the Oyſter-woman that was behind him, ſeeing him to refuſe it, held up her hand, and cryed aloud, *Give it me, give it me:* wch being given to her, when ſhe opened it, there was a prize for her of fourſcore pound; when the Cobler who would needs have another, had for his only a blank. The ſtory (ſaid he) you may think to be mean, but the Application ſhall be good enough ile warrant ye. Many people come hither to take the Covenant, and moſt of them are like to the

Cobler in the ſtory, they find ſome flaws or chinks therein, ſomething or other that is amiſs, and therefore they will not take it; but you ſhould all of you herein imitate the good Oyſter-woman, hold up your hands, and cry, *Give it me, give it me*; wherein you will find the great prize, more worth unto you then fourſcore pounds, *&c.*

Thus when Rebellion cryed down Religion,
The Covenant (that Holy Cheat) a widgeon
Did make of many a man; which ſince expir'd
In as great ſcorn, being by the Hangman fir'd.

Hugh Peters.

HUgh Peters Preaching to the People for them to bring in their gold Rings, ſilver Thimbles, Bodkins, Bowls, and what other Plate they could ſpare, for the propagation of Sack-Poſſets, and the advancement of the Cauſe: About the middle of his diſcourſe (for Sermon I cannot call it) he puts his hand into his pocket, and pulls out from thence a Ribband full of Rings, Bodkins, and other the like ſtuff, which he held up to the People, ſaying, Look you here beloved, ſee what the honeſt Sea-mens wives of *Ipſwich* have beſtowed for the furtherance of the Cauſe! neither

is this all, they brought in likewise their silver Cups and Goblets, protesting that when their Husbands came home, *they would make them be glad to drink in the Horn.*

This was the Buffoon-Priest, Rebellions staff,
That with his Jests did make old Noll *to laugh;*
But in his mirth he quite began to faulter,
When 'bout his neck encircled was the halter.

The Cowardly Captain.

A Captain running away at the first onset of the battel, one said, Though the Captain were not a *Fowle*, yet he play'd a *foule* part, to *flye* away, and leave the *Body* and the *Wings* of the Army behind him.

This Captain was no doubty man of might,
He lov'd their Pay, better then lov'd to Fight;
When Bullets flye about, he understands,
One pair of Legs, is worth two pair of hands.

A witty

A witty Answer of a Maid.

ONe desiring a Maid to go to a Gentleman and kiss him: Nay Sir (says she) *Ile nere go to Market for that ware, which I can have brought home to my door.*

This Maid was very Politick, no doubt,
To bring her purpose the best way about;
Unwise is she, who doth by travel sore,
Purchase what she might have brought to the door.

One going to hanging.

A Fellow going to be hanged, seeing the People to run by him apace towards the Gallows; he told them they should not need to make so much hast, *for there would be no sport till he came there.*

If to be hang'd were but a sportful tutch,
There's many a one would it not value much:
But they do find there's something more then laughter,
To make wry mouths, and nere be merry after.

The

The valiant Fellow.

ONe that had been at the Fight at *Worcester*, and being asked what exploits he had done there? Answered, *That he had cut off a Scotch-mans legs.* Reply being made, That it had been something if he had cut off his head: *Oh* (said he) *you must consider his head was off before.*

This Fellow needs would have his valour known,
Although the same upon the dead were shown:
Valour being rightly plac'd is a high jewel,
And none but Cowards to the dead are cruel.

The Cheater.

SEveral People playing at Pigeon-holes, a Cheater standing by, offer'd to lay three to one, upon a Cast, with a Country-fellow; upon which advantage the Fellow laid with him; and because he would be sure not to be cheated, put his foot upon the Money, which he won; but before he could take it up, a Company of the Cheaters took him about the middle, lifting him from the ground as it were for joy, whilst another of their confederates ran away with the stakes.

The

The world with cheats doth now so much abound,
Scarce any place that from them free is found;
Each day almost produces new ones still,
For Rogues will still be Rogues, say what you will.

The Fellow in hast to be married.

ONe being asked the reason why he was in such hast to Marry? Replied, That there was suddenly a great Match to be plaid at Foot-ball, betwixt the married-men, and the batchellors; and the married-men being all his friends, he was resolved to be married, that he might take their parts.

This man did love his friends with all his heart,
That would be married for to take their part:
But if his wife did not more quiet prove,
He might their envy better had, then love.

The wise Gallant.

TWo Gallants being in discourse, one of them said it was fifteen miles from *London* to *Epping*; the other replied, it was above twenty; for ten years ago (said he) I travelled thither, and then it was fifteen; therefore now it must needs be twenty; for (said he) do not miles grow think you as well as other Animals? but (said he) when I came

I came there, I was lodged in a Chamber so full of Fleas, that I was fain to lie standing all night, and to make my man rise and put out the Candle, *that they might not see to bite me.*

This Gallant sure was born in a cross year,
When Ignorance was cheap, and Wisdom dear;
He fitter was to go to Gottam-*Colledge,*
Then to be made a Justice for his knowledge.

The Drawer.

TWo Gentlemen being drinking in a Tavern, wanting wine, they knocked with the Pot; whereupon the Drawer went to them, and said, *Did you call Gentlemen?* No (said one of them) we called not Gentlemen, *we called a Drawer.*

The Drawer did not aim his speech so steady,
But the Gentleman his answer had as ready;
Drawers, though here so old, are Boyes call'd still,
For each will say, Here Boy, some more wine fill.

A Barber.

A Barber going to the Court, and being at his return asked what he saw? He answered, *The King was very neatly trim'd.*

Every man to his trade, the Barber view'd,
Not how the King was cloath'd, how he was shoo'd;
His sole ambition was to see his chin,
Whether his Barber did him neatly trim.

The talking Fellow.

A Gentleman spying a man very earnestly in talk, and no body near him; said, Who does this Ass speak to? Surely to himself, *and 'tis impossible he should ever be wise, that alwayes hath such a foolish Auditory.*

Thus some their Tongues are evermore a going,
Asleep, awake, whatever they are doing;
In company, alone, when they are walking,
At bed, at board, they alwayes are a talking.

A neat

A neat way to get a Dinner.

A Hungry Traveller coming into a Victualling-house in the Country, there was four or five ribs of Beef at the fire a roasting: Who is that to be roasted for, said he? Quoth the good woman, it is to serve six lusty Fellows that are at Harvest-work for their dinner. That (quoth the Traveller) can never be, for I can eat it all my self at a meal. The woman said she could not believe that. To confirm your belief (said the man) I will lay two-pence of it: she being desirous to see so extraordinary an exploit performed, wagered with him; and the meat being taken up, he fell to it lustily, eat above a shillings worth of it, and then not being able to eat any more, gave up his wager for lost, filling thereby his belly for two-pence.

When as the Stomach doth require diet,
The Belly makes the Brains work to come by it;
That which good words with coyne could scarce obtain,
A merry trick with easie cost doth gain.

The

The fat Man and lean Horse.

A Fat man riding alwayes upon a very lean horse, was asked the reason thereof? To which he answered, *That he fed himself, but trusted others to feed his horse.*

The Masters eye maketh the Horse grow fat,
It seems this Horse but little had of that:
Himself he fed, according as he ought;
His Horse being out of sight, was out of thought.

Of Marrying a Widow.

ONe that was advised to marry a Widow, replied, That they were too politick a Generation for him; which he proved by Similies: Many voyages (said he) make an experienced Sea-man, many offices a crafty knave, and many marriages a cunning false Widow.

If Women once come to live Widows lives,
They are more cunning far then Maids or Wives;
They are so verst in every condition,
He's more then man can bring them to submission.

From

From whence the Wise-men came.

A Ruffling Gallant, whose bravery consisted in a gaudy suit, was bragging in every company he came, of his Gentility, and how his ancestors came out of the West. Yea, but said another that stood by, *You know that the Wise-men came out of the East.*

Thus some will brag & boast of their great birth,
Although themselves are of but little worth:
Indeed high birth it is no credit small;
But self-desert is that surpasseth all.

The Gentleman and Poulter-woman.

A Gentleman riding on the Road, overtook a Poulter-woman, whom he asked if she had drunk her mornings draught. She replying, No; then (said he) Here is to you; and let a fart. I thank ye, said she, I'll pledge ye; and let another. Now Sir, said she, I'll drink to you; and let him one or two more: but the Gentleman told her he had enough, and would drink no more. Then Sir, said she, since you will not pledge me, *pray be so civil as to kiss the Cup.*

The Gentleman the woman thought to catch,
But finds himself he hath met with his match.
Thus some who do for others set a trap,
To be catcht in't themselves it is their hap.

Of *Jack Foole.*

A Certain Lord kept a Fool, whose name was *Jack*; this Fool was perswaded one night that he had seen the Devil. The Chaplain asking him how he knew it was the Devil? Yes (quoth *Jack*) I am sure it was he; for he was a long tall black man, *as like your self, as if you had been spit out of his mouth.*

When men with Fools discourse, we often see,
With Roguish answers they well fitted be:
If it be so, they do regard it not,
For why we know, a Fools bolt is soon shot.

Another of Jacke.

NExt to the same Lords lived one of his Tennants named Mr. *Nokes*, whose house *Jack* used often to frequent. This Mr. *Nokes* having one day little to do, would needs play with *Jack* at blind-hob, there being no body at home but them two. *Jack* was easily induced to play; for he saw a great many black puddings hanging up in the

the Chimney, at whom his teeth water'd; and therefore to accomplish his purpose, he perswaded Mr. *Nokes* to be blinded first; which being done, *Jack* gets unto the chimney to the puddings, and crying out, *Ye see Mr.* Nokes, *I doubt ye see.* No in-faith *Jack* (said he) I do not. *Jack* in the mean time stops his breeches full of puddings, and whilst Mr. *Nokes* was groping about, he slips out of doors, and away he went. Mr. *Nokes* not hearing *Jack*, pulls off his vizor, and perceiving he was run away with his puddings, sent a great Dog after him, who still as he came up to *Jack*, *Jack* gave him a pudding, wherewith he whiled the Dog till he recovered his Lords house. Mr. *Nokes* was so laught at for this, that a long time after he stirred not out of doors: Afterwards the Lord invited him to dinner, and charged *Jack* not to speak a word to him of the puddings; which *Jack* promised very faithfully to observe. Being at dinner, *Jacks* tongue was very busie, wherefore my Lord fearing he would forget his charge, held up his finger to him; which *Jack* perceiving, No, no, my Lord, quoth he, Ile warrant ye, *not a word of the pudding.* Which speech of his made all the company so merry, that they could scarce eat any pud-

ding, or meat either, for laughing.

When men with fools attempt thus for to play,
The fool i'th' end the credit bears away.
In witleſs actions who attempts to enter,
His reputation very much doth venter.

Of denying being at home.

A Gentleman ſought his friend at his houſe, and asked his ſervant where his Maſter was; who hearing, ſaid to his ſervant, Tell him I am not at home. Which the Gentleman over-heard, but took the anſwer from the ſervant. The next day the ſame man coming to the Gentlemans houſe, demanding of his ſervant where his Maſter was; the Gentleman ſpake aloud, Tell him I am not at home. What, ſaid he, will you deny your ſelf with your own tongue? *Why,* (ſaid the Gentleman) *you believed when my man told you I was not at home; and will you not believe me, which ſay ſo my ſelf?*

It is a wholeſom rule that bids us, Do
To others, as we would be done unto.
Be not thou angry then if thou receiveſt
The like, & be deceiv'd when thou deceiveſt.

Of

Of Godfathers.

ONe had a ſon Chriſtned: his friend asked him how many Godfathers he had. The man told him, But two. Be content, ſaid he, *he may have Twelve more before he dies.*

Too many men, who laying grace aſide,
Have for their miſdemeanours ſo been try'd,
And had Twelve Godfathers vpon them paſt,
Who have into the Haugmans hands them caſt.

The Parſon that was call'd.

A Parſon that was a great ſtickler in the late times of Rebellion, had by his Maſters of that Gang, in ſtead of a little Living in *Eſſex*, a great one given him that lay in *York-ſhire*; but with this condition, that he ſhould leave that ſmall one in *Eſſex* whereof he was then poſſeſt. Whereupon he gave his Pariſhioners of the ſmall Living a Farewell-Sermon, telling them at the later end thereof, that he had for a long time taken a great deal of pains amongſt them, but now he was to leave them, Heaven having called him to do good in another place. One of the Pariſhioners, when he

had done, desiring him, seeing he would leave them, to resolve him one question before he went, which was, what that Living might be worth he was going unto. The Parson told him it was judged to be worth three hundred pounds a year. Ah (said the man) I perceive now your Call; three hundred pounds a year your Living in *York-shire*; and this of ours is scarce worth fifty; but had Heaven called you to a Living of twenty pounds a year, *I suppose he might have hoopt and hallowed too, and yet you not have heard him.*

Thus whatsoere pretensions there was made,
O'th' good old Cause, Money was the chief Trade
Those Rabbies *Preacht for, for they well did know,*
Money would make both Horse and Mare to go.

The Painter.

A Painter being blamed by a Cardinal for colouring the visages of *Peter* and *Paul* too red; tartly replied, *That he painted them so, as blushing at the Pride of those men who stile themselves their Successors.*

Were

Were but St. Peter *now alive to see*
How high his pretended Succeſſors be;
He'd bluſh to ſee them go ſo richly clad,
When he himſelf no gold nor ſilver had.

The Womans wit.

TWo Women going into the Market together, one of them cheapned a hundred of Pipins; the other perſwaded her not to buy them becauſe they were ſo ſmall. Why you Fool, ſaid ſhe, what's matter for that? *I ſhall have the more to the hundred, the ſmaller they be.*

This woman was no doubt in her own eyes
Above the vulgar ſort of women, wiſe;
For ſhe could ſee more then was yet ere numbred,
She ſhould of ſmall things have moſt in the hundred.

The Whoremaſter and Cuckold.

TWo men fell out, whereof one was a Whoremaſter, the other a Cuckold: the Horn-pated man began to exclaim firſt, and called the other Whoremaſter; Who replied, *That it was better to be a Whores Maſter, then to have a Whore to be his Maſter.*

A Whoremaſter to pleaſe his appetite,
Conſumes his body, and his purſe makes light.
A Cuckold hath a quite far different fate;
His wives light heels make him a heavie pate.

Of marrying a wife without faults.

ONe ſaid he would willingly marry, but he would have a wife that was *perfectly good.* To whom another ſaid, that if none but ſuch would ſerve his turn, he muſt beſpeak her, *for there was no ſuch ready made.*

To ſearch the world, and finde one woman who
Hath got no faults, is more then thou canſt do.
If thou doſt think ſo, thou haſt a wrong faith:
For ſhe that hath no faults, no fellow hath.

Of marrying a Maid.

A Cautious Gentleman had refrained long from Marriage, becauſe he doubted of the honeſty of women in general, and fearing he might have a Wench in ſtead of a Maid; which he at length happened upon: for he was married to one reputed Virgin, who was w th childe by another man; whereupon one of his companions ſaid, that he had taken a ſure way to marry a Maid, *for there was one in the mothers belly.*

Too

Too curious some are when they go to wed,
And such with Cheats most commonly are sped:
For women they are frail and brittle ware,
And unto cracks and flaws most subject are.

Of one that would borrow money.

ONe who was used to be a borrower of money, coming one day to a rich Usurer his friend, he requested to have some private conference with him. I, quoth the other, I know your business; your private conference is but a new-coyned word for borrowing of money: I tell you (said he further) your very face and countenance looks so borrowingly, that the best words you can give me, are as dreadful as *Stand and deliver.*

A man may soon discern a borrowers case,
And read his errand in his very face:
His speeches tend to 's credit's dissolution,
And looks like one going to execution.

On one jealous.

ONe who was jealous of his wife, made complaint of her to another; who replied to him, Fie upon that man who is such a beast to be jealous of his own wife; if

every

every man were ſo, *it would ſpoil the getting of ſome children in the year.*

Jealouſie is a very hell on earth;
Diſturbeth quiet, and confoundeth mirth:
In vain men think from luſt women to fright 'em;
They'll make ſuch cuckolds, only but to ſpight 'em.

How to diſpoſe of Four hundred pounds.

ONe who came to *London* with four hundred pounds, ſaid, I have four hundred pounds which I brought up to Town on purpoſe to make my ſelf a clear Gentleman of it, and I do intend to beſtow it thus: The firſt hundred pound, to make me a Gentleman; the ſecond, to buy me Apparel; the third, to ſpend in pleaſure; and the fourth, I intend to be cheated of, not in groſs, but by retail, to try mens ſeveral wits, and to learn to ſhift for my ſelf in time when need ſhall be.

Thus ſome do ſpend their wealth to purchaſe wit,
And yet perhaps no wiſer are for it;
But when all's gone, muſt lead a life that's poor,
Having no wealth, nor wit to get them more.

On

On a black face, and white clouts.

ONe having a very black face, and going clad all over in white; a Gentleman seeing it, said, *That black face with that white garment, seemeth no other, but a fly drowned in a spoonful of milk.*

It is observ'd, that those who black-bags wear,
It makes the face that's handsom seem more fair,
So by the rule of contraries we know,
A white hood makes a black face blacker shew.

On Chambers and Garret.

TWo men walking by a Gallows, whereof the one was named *Chambers*, the other *Garret*; *Chambers* said, It were a pretty Tenement, if it had but a *Garret* in it. Nay that cannot be, said the other, *It must have Chambers before it can have a Garret.*

Here hit for hit doth paſs as fine as can be,
Boxed about, as Boys do play at Bondy:
Chambers *began, he needs would have the firſt on't;*
But Garret *hit him ſo, he had the worſt on't.*

Of

Of knowing to pay beforehand.

SOme Gentlemen being at an Ordinary where there were delicates brought up, asked the attendant What was the price thereof. *Plaiſ il Monſieur?* that is, *Will it pleaſe you?* quoth he in French. The Gentlemen hearing him anſwer in that dialect, asked him if he were a French-man. No, replied he, but I took you to be ſo, to bargain for your meat before you eat it, which is not the generous Engliſh faſhion: you ſhall know the price of your meat anon, Sir.

It is their parts who have ſmall ſtore of Coin,
To know what they muſt pay to ſup or dine:
But as for him whoſe purſe with crowns is cramd
He never aſks what is the price 'forehand.

Deep hatred.

TWo old fellows who had been long at variance, the one being ſick, the other was deſired by ſome neighbours to go viſit his adverſary, that they might be friends before he died; and they uſed this argument, That they hoped he would be friends with the ſick man before he died. *Friends?* (quoth the other) *I'll rather die with him, and fight it out by the way.*

Where

Where hatred is deep rooted in the heart,
Grim death it self shall not from thence it part:
Though God forbids the same, where he doth say
Vengeance belongs to him, which he'll repay.

Of dying for love.

AN old Nurse comforting her young Mistress, who was fallen into a swound for the departure of her Servant; amongst other expressions, she said, Look up, Mistress, for your Servant such a one is returned: which falling out according to her expressions, the Gentleman then entring the room; *Well* (quoth the Nurse) *I have been taken a good while for a Witch, and now I suspect my self to be one.*

Love and a Gun ('tis said) kills many a one,
But yet the Gun kills more then Law hath done.
If all had di'd for love who said they di'd,
Love deadlier were then any thing beside.

The Courtier and Noble-man.

WHen a certain Courtier complained grievously of his wives unchastness, a Noble-man that heard him bad him be of good chear: *for he that respected his wives incontinencie, or the Popes curse, should never sleep quiet night.*

Who

Who seeks to hinder that which will be done,
Strives 'gainst the stream, and 'gainst the wind doth run;
Disturbs his quiet, hindereth his health,
And is the worst foe still unto himself.

The Thief and Country-man.

A Great Highway-man being condemned, and going to the place of Execution; a Country-man who had been lately robbed followed him; and coming to the speech of him, desired he would inform him if he were the party that robbed him: for (says he) you are now going to die, and to confess or not will not prejudice you; wherefore pray tell me if you did it, or otherwise who it was, if you can. Truly, replied the Felon, I did not do it: but if you will go back to Newgate, and ask for such a one, give him but a dozen or two of Beer, and pay his fees, which is not above fourty shillings, and he will certainly inform you. The Felon being hang'd, the Country-man went to Newgate in hopes to finde out who it was that robbed him. When he came thither, he found the party he asked for, with several of his Comrades drinking healths to the souls of their departed

bre-

brethren: he for a while accompanied them in that exercise, and anon told the Felon what he came for, and who sent him. Now (says he) I am willing to pay your fees. Which the Felon kindly accepted, promising him fair; and so he was discharged. Now (said the Country man) I hope you will resolve me my question. *Truly* (quoth the Felon) *I resolve you this, that if my companion had not sent you hither to pay my fees, I must have tarried here for them: but he was honest to me always; and as he lived, so he died.*

Here was friendship indeed, birds of a feather;
They lived, & lov'd; & rogu'd & joyn'd together;
And so were linkt to either in their heart,
The very Gallows should not friendship part.

Another of a Felon.

ANother Felon being on his fatal journey up Holborn-hill, a Vintner who had lost a Silver-bowl, desired him to tell him (if he knew) who it was that had it: which for a Pinte of Canary he promised to do: but having drunk it, he told the Vintner, *he was in haste now, because the people staid for him; but when he came back, he would tell him all.*

Thus

Thus whenas men are hardned in their ſin,
The dread of death can them to no grace win;
They are ſo bolſtred up in Villany,
That as they live Rogues, ſo they Rogues will die.

Another.

ANother Felon going to Execution on a cold Winters day, and coming neer a great pond on this ſide Tyburn, deſired the Carter to ſtop, that he might ſpeak with the Sheriff; who being come to him, he ſaid thus: Mr. Sheriff, I am now going to leave the world, and therefore I would be loath to conceal any thing which may do others good: I confeſs that the laſt Robbery I committed was in this place; and I being hotly purſued, having a great purſe of money, I threw it into the midſt of this pond. The people hearing him tell this to the Sheriff, notwithſtanding the coldneſs of the weather, preſently ran into the pond to ſearch for the money; which they did a long time, till they were weary, as was the Sheriff with ſtaying: whereupon, he came to the Felon again, and enquired further if he was not miſtaken. No (quoth the Felon) *I intended to have ſome mirth and ſport before I was hanged, and now I have had my deſire,*

in

in seeing the people wet and cool themselves for nothing; and therefore now you may drive on when you please.

Thus them in whom all Rogueries do meet,
Observe this Rule, A short life and a sweet:
They'll merry be, though hang'd within an hour,
Whereby their sweet is turned into sowr.

Another.

A Thief having robbed a Country-man, the Country-man pleaded hard to have him restore his money again, telling the Thief that if he carried it away, he should answer for it at the day of Judgement. Nay, said the Thief, *if you will stay for your money till then, I will take your horse too.*

Thus some to rob and steal will no man spare,
Happen what will hereafter they not care:
If they at present can supply their need,
They care not how hereafter they shall speed.

The conceited Justice and the Malefactor.

A Malefactor being brought before a conceited Justice, it was desired by the Plaintiff that the Justice would be careful in taking the Officers examination. To whom the Justice replied, I can inform my

ſelf by his very looks: I have taken a hundred examinations in my days of Felons and other offenders out of their very countenances, and wrote them down *verbatim* to what they would have ſaid: *I am ſure it hath ſerv'd to hang ſome of them, and whip the reſt.*

This Juſtice had a very nimble eye,
He could ſo in mens looks their faults eſpie:
He either had not read, or did not minde
The Proverb which doth ſay, Juſtice is blinde.

The rich and poor Thief.

KIng *James* being invited in a Hunting journey to dine with a rich Gentleman in *Berk-ſhire*, turning ſhort at the corner of a Common, happened neer to a Country-man, ſitting by the heels in the Stocks, who with a loud voice wiſhed long life to his Majeſtie; which invited the King to ask the reaſon of his reſtraint. The Gentleman told him, it was for ſtealing a Gooſe from the Common. The fellow replied, I beſeech your Majeſtie to judge who is the greater Thief, I for ſtealing Geeſe from the Common, or his Worſhip for robbing the Common from the Geeſe. Said the King to the Gentleman, *I'll not dine to day on your diſhes, till you reſtore the Common for the poor to*

feed

feed their Geese. Which was forthwith granted to them, and the witty fellow set free.

Thus poor Thieves we do in the Stocks behold,
When rich ones flant it in their chains of gold:
For men unto themselves most partial be:
Poor Thieves are punisht, when the rich go free.

On a sentence written upon a house.

ONe had written upon his house in Latine, *God keep the wicked hence.* A Gentleman reading it, said, *The Master then must not enter here.*

This builder needs would be accounted good,
Else had this Motto on his house not stood:
But be one of that number was, no doubt,
Which by this sentence was to be kept out.

The Gentlewomans conceit where Hell was.

A Traveller related to a Gentlewoman, that he had been in the Antipodes, which is just under our feet, where they walk (said he) upon firm earth, and have the firmament over their heads, as we have here. And are they just under us? (quoth the Gentlewoman) and where is Hell then? If they whose feet are toward us at the lower

part of the world have Heaven too beyond their heads, where is Hell? *Sure Hell is above-ground then, in jealous husbands.*

Sure jealousie it is a kinde of Hell,
In which men do in torments live and dwell.
This Gentlewoman sure did know as much,
That she thought hell to be onely in such.

The jealous Cuckold.

ONe who was justly jealous of his wives honesty, resolved to make away himself; and telling his minde to his friend, he disswaded him from it, saying, *If every man who is a Cuckold should do so, what an infinite number of distressed widows there would be!*

If men would look before, and not behind them,
They might perceive horns, though they did not minde them:
For many do wear horns, that cannot winde them;
And wives can tell their husbands where to finde them.

The unskilful Painter.

AN unskilful Painter shewed to an excellent Workman a painted Table, and told him that it was done in haste. To which

which he answered, *That he might have spared to tell him so; for the work sufficiently shewed the same.*

Shew not thy work to those that do excel,
Unless that thou thy self canst do as well:
For if thou dost, expect from them always
To have a frump or jeer, instead of praise.

Of asking for debts.

A Gentleman who was in good cloathes being asked for Money, replied, If I have any more left to maintain a large Stomach, and a long Bladder, then one comely Shilling, together with a single ounce of Tobacco, I am the son of a Car-man.

Ask them for money who minde not to pay,
They still will put you off with some delay.
Who want of Liquor and Tobacco fear,
Will pay no debts, a man may almost swear.

On Astrologers.

ONe who confided much in Astrologers, being told by him that his Children would have very ill fortunes, and become Beggers, it made him exceeding melancholy: to divert him from which, a Gentleman said thus unto him: Trust Astrologers? hang 'um Wizards, old blinde Buzzards; for once

once that they hit, they miſs a thouſand times, and moſt times give judgement quite contrary, good for bad, and beſt for worſt: one told a Gentleman his ſon ſhould be a man-killer, and hanged, who afterwards proved a great and rich Phyſician, and with great fame in the Univerſity was hanged up in a Picture for a grave example. Another found that a ſquint-ey'd boy ſhould prove a notable Pick-purſe, and afterwards a moſt ſtrong Thief; when he grew up to be a cunning Lawyer, and at laſt died a Judge. Quite contrary, how many have been marked out by theſe Wizards for Fools, that after have been pricked for Sheriffs! A Shepherd-boy was foretold to be a drunkard, and to get his living from Bawds, Whores, Thieves, Quarrellers, and the like; and he became a Suburb-Juſtice, and lived in Wine and Worſhip by the fees racked out of ſuch delinquents.

Prognoſticators, and that lying crew,
Would have their lyes to paſs for what is true:
But where they hit the truth one time, no leſs
Then forty times for it they wrong do gueſs.

Of a Sheriff.

A Rich covetous perſon being choſen Sheriff of a County, not knowing which

which would be cheapeſt, to fine or hold, went to a friend of his who had born the ſame Office, and enquired of him what it coſt him. The other told him he gained Five hundred pounds by the Office. Whereupon, this covetous Churl would not fine, but held Sheriff. But at the years end, he found that he had ſpent a Thouſand pound more then he had received: wherefore he went to his friend, and told him that he had ſpent a Thouſand pound. Then, ſaid his friend, you have been a better husband then I was: for *I gave my Steward two thouſand pound to ſpend, and he returned me five hundred of it; which I reckoned gain, becauſe I intended to have ſpent it all.*

Had this Churl reckon'd that his Office would
Have ſtood him in two thouſand pound, he ſhould
Have gain'd a thouſand pound ſo by that lot:
For that which is ſo ſav'd, is counted got.

King Richard *the third, and the* Woodvils.

RIchard the third ſaid of the *Woodvils*, (who were brothers to the wife of his brother King *Edw.* 4. and were by him advanced to the degree of Noble-men) *That many were made Nobles, who formerly were not worth a Noble.*

Take

Take this as 'twas deliver'd from his tongue,
Where private malice joyn'd with falshood hung.
Had truth been joyned with the words were spoke
The Jest had better past, being better broke.

An honest Sergeant.

A Sergeant at Mace dying before he had sold his place, whereby it came to the Sheriff; his widow went to the Sheriff, desiring him to be so good as to give her leave to sell it, or at least give her most of what it should yeeld; urging this as a reason to the Sheriff, that her husband was an honest man. I (replied the Sheriff) so he was; *and I had rather all my Officers had died then he.*

A Serjant for to die an honest man!
A Paradox, deny it who that can.
But yet the Sheriff had gain'd by it though,
If all his Officers had died so.

The End.

ONe reading toward the end of a book, found the Author talk of concluding: *Marry* (said he) *had there been no conclusion, it had been the longest and strangest of books.*

So I likewise no time will longer spend,
But of my book I here will make an end.
If any's mirth more harmless be then mine is,
I'll say no more, but stop my mouth with

FINIS.

The Tale of the Young man and his boots p. 46. appears with 2 or 3 verbal alterations in "Balk Knaves Balk". 4°. 1659. I think Binstanley was the author of this tract though it is ascribed by Lowndes and Hazlitt to Edmund Gayton.